

CARS

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INT. TRAILER - AFTERNOON

It's pitch black. We hear LOUD MEDITATIVE BREATHING and a DETERMINED VOICE, psyching himself up. In the background, we hear a distant AMBIENCE of a large crowd.

INTERNAL VOICE
Okay, here we go. Focus.
(a beat)
Speed. I am speed.

INTERCUT: Racing shot.

INTERNAL VOICE (CONT'D)
One winner. Forty-two losers. I eat losers for
breakfast.

INTERCUT: Racing shot.

INTERNAL VOICE (CONT'D)
Breakfast? Wait, maybe I should have had breakfast? A
little breck-y could be good for me. No, no, no, stay
focused. Speed.

INTERCUT: Racing shot.

INTERNAL VOICE (CONT'D)
I'm faster than fast. Quicker than quick.
(a beat)
I am Lightning.

SFX: POUND POUND POUND

DIFFERENT VOICE (O.S.)
Hey, Lightning, you ready?

ON INTERNAL VOICE'S POV

A door in front of him lowers.

INTERNAL VOICE (O.S.)
Oh yeah, Lightning's ready.

On #95, LIGHTNING MCQUEEN - A SLEEK, CONFIDENT, RED RACE CAR, and the source of our affirmations.

In this world, cars are the characters.

His LUCKY LIGHTNING BOLT STICKER glimmers in the light.

He pauses at the end of the trailer as the magnificent stadium comes into view. The crowd buzz grows louder.

MCQUEEN'S POV

The Lightyear Blimp flies overhead as cameras flash wildly in the audience.

We zoom in to a proud MCQUEEN REVS his engine for his adoring fans.

MCQUEEN
Ka-chow!

CUT: Racetrack.

The race is on! Race cars are zooming and whooshing along. McQueen overtakes several racers, then two block his way. He used his right wheels to ride the wall past them.

He races in front of a camera mounted on the back of a car, winking at the lens.

The jumbotron gives us a grand reveal of Lightning's smile of confidence. Two twin Miatas SQUEAL EXCITEDLY! The crowd does the Wave by rising up on their front tires.

TRINKET SELLER

(yelling)

Get your antenna balls here!

The contestant cars pass motorhomes in the infield.
One wears a beer hat loaded with 2 Dinoco oil-drums.

LARRY CAMPER

Whooooo!!

THE REAL MATER

You got that right, slick!

He WHISTLES CHEERFULLY!

Pit crews made up of several forklifts change the race
cars' tires and feed them fuel.

Male cars zip into a mens' room whereas a line of
female cars waits outside a womens' room.

An RV's trailer reads "ELVIS" & resembles a pompadour,
it sneers.

A GREEN race car with a grille resembling a mustache
bumps the lead car out of bounds but is passed by a
SLEEK racer with a tall rear stabilizer wing. McQueen
tries to catch up to the 2 lead cars.

Now, to a sportscasters' booth.

BOB CUTLASS

Welcome back to the Dinoco 400. I'm Bob Cutlass, here
with my good friend Darrell Cartrip. We're midway
through what may be an historic day for racing.

DARRELL CARTRIP

(excited)

Bob, my oil pressure's through the roof right now. If this gets any more excitin', they're gonna have to tow me outta the booth!

BOB CUTLASS

Right you are, Darrell.

Cut: To the racetrack.

The King leads in front of Chick Hicks, and Lightning McQueen.

A trio of graphics appear with their names and points, 5013, shoot down onto the representing racers.

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)

Three cars are tied for the season points lead, heading into the final race of the season. And the winner of this race, Darrell, will win the season title and the Piston Cup.

A Piston Cup - a trophy plated in GOLD appears on screen.

The screen views The King.

BOB CUTLASS (V.O., CONT'D)

Does The King, Strip Weathers, have one more victory in him before retirement?

DARRELL CARTRIP (V.O.)

He's been Dinoco's golden boy for years! Can he win them one last Piston Cup?

The screen views Chick Hicks.

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)

And, as always, in the second place spot we find Chick Hicks. He's been chasing that tailfin his entire career.

DARRELL CARTRIP (V.O.)

Chick thought this was his year, Bob. His chance to finally emerge from The King's shadow. But the last thing he expected was... Lightning McQueen!

A graphic ZAPS itself into view! Revealing "LIGHTNING MCQUEEN" against an orange lightning bolt.

The screen views Lightning McQueen.

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)

You know, I don't think anybody expect this. The rookie sensation came into the season unknown. But everyone knows him now.

DARRELL CARTRIP (V.O.)

Will he be the first rookie to win a Piston Cup and land Dinoco?

The 3 lead cars appear one-by-one in individual shots.

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)

The legend, the runner-up, and the rookie! Three cars, one champion!

The Piston Cup graphic EXPLODES, bringing us back to the race. Chick rides The King's tail GROWLING.

McQueen pulls up alongside Chick, inching forward.

CHICK HICKS

No you don't.

As the rookie overtakes him, Chick scrapes the wall.

Lightning chuckles.

CHICK HICKS

Hey!

Chick catches up to McQueen and bumps him, sending him spinning into the infield.

Lightning GRUNTING as he tries to regain control.

The two motorhome race fans CHEER at Lightning.

THE REAL MATER

Oh, man!

LARRY CAMPER

What a ride!

Chick LAUGHS, as McQueen brakes to a stop in the grass.

LARRY CAMPER

Go get 'em, McQueen! Go get 'em!

THE REAL MATER

(whistles)

McQueen speeds off. The red race car quickly catches up with the pack.

FEMALE FAN (O.S.)

I love you, Lightning!

Back on Chick.

CHICK HICKS

Dinoco is all mine.

Chick slams a competitor.

DARRELL CARTRIP (O.S.)

Trouble, turn three!

CHICK HICKS

Haha! Get through that, McQueen!

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)

Oooh! Huge crash behind the leaders!

The crowd gasps in horror!

Race cars SCREAM and spin. A loose tire bounces off the track, another contestant flies through the air. As more cars fly, two skid to a stop.

RACE CAR #1

(giggles nervously)

One gets plowed into.

The other one gets knocked upside down on the roof of another competitor, they scream like mad animals.

McQueen weaves around the crashing cars.

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)

Wait a second, Darrell. McQueen is in the wreckage.

DARRELL CARTRIP (V.O.)

There's no way the rookie can make it through! Not in one piece that is.

The rookie bounces the tires of an overturned competitor and flies HIGH into the air! He passes through a cloud of smoke.

He exhales.

His tongue flapping in the wind, he winks at the crowd.

MCQUEEN
Yeah!

MIA & TIA
Lightning!

The two twins swoon on impact with his bolt's gleam.

He lands hard.

The flag-waver happily waves his yellow flag.

DARRELL CARTRIP (V.O.)
Look at that! McQueen made it through!

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)
Man! A spectacular move by Lightning McQueen!

Lightning views his sticker glimmering off the barrier wall.

MCQUEEN
(full of confidence)
Yeah! Ka-chow!

Cut: The audience.

The fans all chant "McQueen! McQueen! McQueen!".

A banner on a motorhome reads, 'MCQUEEN'S BIGGEST FAN'.

MCQUEEN'S BIGGEST FAN
(loudly)
Yeah, McQueen! Ka-chow!!!!

The motorhome blares his horn in excitement,
disturbing the other surrounding fans. The pace car
drives in front of McQueen as the tow trucks arrive on
scene to fetch the damaged competitors.

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)

While everyone heads into the pits, McQueen stays out
to take the lead!

A tow truck drags a heavily-damaged race car into the
pits.

DAMAGED CAR

(slurred)

Don't take me out, Coach. I can still race!

In a pit, Chick gets his tires changed.

CHICK HICKS

(chuckling)

Whaddaya think, boys? A thing of beauty.

CHICK'S COACH

McQueen made it through!

CHICK HICKS

What?!

CHICK'S COACH

He's not pitting!

CHICK HICKS

C'mon! Let's go! You gotta get me back out there!

Let's go! Gimme back out there! Come on!

Cut: the skybox.

BOB CUTLASS

McQueen's not going into the pits!

DARRELL CARTRIP

Y' know, the rookie just fired his crew chief. That's
the third one this season!

Back in the pits, Chick's Coach SHOUTS for his car to
go! Chick races back onto the track.

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)

Well, he says he likes working alone, Darrell. Looks
like Chick got caught up in the pits.

DARRELL CARTRIP

Yeah, after a stop like that, he's got a lot of ground
to make up. Get ready, boys, we're comin' to the
restart!

In a montage, the cars move slowly down the track
lined up in pairs. A pickup truck marked 'RACE
OFFICIAL' waves a checkered flag and the race resumes.
The scoreboard reads 'LAP 213'.

Later it reads 'LAP 258'. Chick tries to overtake a
competitor.

CHICK HICKS

Come on, come on, come on!

Now, the scoreboard reads, 'LAP 294'. As The King
moves ahead of other cars, McQueen pulls into his pit.

NOT CHUCK

We need tires now! C'mon, let's go!

MCQUEEN

No, no, no, no! No tires, just gas!

NOT CHUCK

WHAT?!?! You need tires, you idiot!

McQueen drives away.

His pit crew throws down his tires in furious anger,
spitting on them.

Back on McQueen.

DARRELL CARTRIP (V.O.)

Looks like it's all gas-and-go's for McQueen today.

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)

That's right. No tires again.

DARRELL CARTRIP (V.O.)

Now normally I'd say that's short-term gain, long-term
loss, but it sure is workin' for him. Hey, he
obviously know somethin' we don't know.

Beside a safety cage, cars speed around a curve.
Specks of debris tumble across the track. As McQueen
zooms by, an official waves a white flag.

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)

This is it, Darrell. One lap to go and Lightning
McQueen has a huge lead.

DARRELL CARTRIP (V.O.)

Aw, he's got it in the bag. Call in the dogs and pull
out the fire! We're gonna crown us a new champion!

The crowd ROARS with cheers. Flash bombs glimmer in
the stands, the twins scream in delight for their
favorite race car. McQueen races unchallenged.

MCQUEEN

Checkered flag, here I come!

Suddenly, his rear left tire blows out.

DARRELL CARTRIP (V.O.)

Oh, no! McQueen has blown a tire!

The crowd gasps in shock.

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)

And with only one turn to go! Can he make it?

In the pits.

NOT CHUCK

You fool!

One of McQueen's pitties grunt as he topples a rack of tires.

THE KING'S COACH

McQueen's blow a tire! McQueen's blown a tire! Go, go,
go, go, go, go!

McQueen's rear left rim scrapes and sparks on the pavement. Chick & The King increases their speed and closes the gap. He grunts with effort as his other rear tire blows out.

DARRELL CARTRIP (V.O.)

He's lost another tire! The King and Chick are comin'
up fast!

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)

They're entering turn three!

Lightning struggles to gain speed.

MCQUEEN

Come on!

He struggles onward as the other race cars continue to close the gap.

DARRELL CARTRIP

I don't believe what I'm watching, Bob! Lightning
McQueen is a hundred feet from his Piston Cup!

Gasping, McQueen hops his way towards the finish line
on his 2 front tires. Chick angrily catches up
alongside The King.

BOB CUTLASS

(anticipating)

The King & Chick rounding turn four.

The race official raises his flag in anticipation. The
King & Chick speed side-by-side as McQueen limps
towards the finish line.

DARRELL CARTRIP (V.O.)

(going nuts)

Down the stretch they come! And it's, and it's...

ON THE FINISH LINE

King, Chick, and McQueen, who leaps and slides
forward, all hit the finish line at the same time!

BOB CUTLASS

It's too close to call! It's too close to call!

DARRELL CARTRIP

I don't believe it! I don't believe it! I don't
believe it! I don't believe it! I STILL don't believe
it! Look at that!

IN THE STANDS, Mia, Tia, and the fans go crazy!

ON THE ANNOUNCERS BOOTH

BOB CUTLASS

The most spectacular, amazing, unequivocally,
unbelievable ending in the history of the world! And
we don't even know who won!

On the three cars as they cross...

EXT. VICTORY LANE - LATER

INSTANT REPLAY OF THE FINISH from various angles,
McQueen's extended tongue appears to cross the finish
line alongside the front ends of the two other racers.

We pull back to reveal... REFEREE CARS huddle around a
monitor, watching repeated shots of the finish.

A TOUGH SUV SECURITY GUARD looks into camera.

SUV SECURITY GUARD

Hey no cameras! Get outta here!

Reporter KORI TURBOWITZ is at McQueen's side,
conducting a live interview, while McQueen's pitties
gruffly replace his tires.

KORI TURBOWITZ

We're here in Victory Lane awaiting the race results.
McQueen, that was quite a risky move, not taking
tires.

NOT CHUCK

(snidely, to self)
Tell me about it!

KORI TURBOWITZ

Are you sorry you didn't have a crew chief out there?

Not Chuck scoffs.

Lightning chuckles.

MCQUEEN

Oh, Kori. There's a lot more to racing than just winning. I mean, taking the race by a full lap... where's the entertainment in that? No, no, I wanted to give the folks a little sizzle.

NOT CHUCK

(huh?)

Sizzle?

MCQUEEN

And am I sorry I don't have a crew chief? No, I'm not, 'Cause I'm a one-man show.

NOT CHUCK

(sarcastic)

What? Oh yeah, right.

KORI TURBOWITZ

That was a very confident Lightning McQueen. Coming to you live from Victory Lane, I'm Kori Turbowitz.

A photographer struggles to get a picture of McQueen, but his pitties are blocking him.

PHOTOGRAPHER SUV

Hey, get out of the shot!

MCQUEEN

Yo, Chuck, what are you doing? You're blocking the camera! Everyone wants to see the bolt!

NOT CHUCK

What?

MCQUEEN
Now, back away.

McQueen's pit crew frustratedly throw their wrenches down.

NOT CHUCK
URGH! That's it! Come on, guys.

The last pitty drops McQueen.

MCQUEEN
Ow! Whoa, team! Where are you going?

NOT CHUCK
We quit, Mr. One-Man Show!

MCQUEEN (O.S.)
Oh, OK, leave. Fine.

Cut back to McQueen, laughing.

MCQUEEN (CONT'D)
(sarcastically)
How will I ever find anyone else who knows how to fill
me up with gas?

The crowd laughs.

MCQUEEN (CONT'D)
Adios, Chuck!

NOT CHUCK (V.O.)
And my name is not Chuck!

MCQUEEN
Oh, whatever!

The crowd laughs again.

Chick Hicks and his pit crew approach Lightning.

CHICK HICKS

Hey Lightning! Yo! McQueen! Seriously, that was some pretty darn nice racin' out there.

(a beat)

By me!

Chick erupts into boisterous laughter.

CHICK'S PIT CREW

- Oh, yeah! Zinger!
- Uh huh!
- Good one!

CHICK HICKS

Welcome to the Chick Era, baby! The Piston Cup... It's mine, dude. It's mine.

Chick's pit crew murmur in agreement.

CHICK HICKS

Hey, fellas, how do you think I'd look in Dinoco blue? Dinoco blue!

Chick laughs again.

CHICK PITTY #1

Blue's your color!

MCQUEEN

I'm your dreams, Thunder.

CHICK HICKS

Yeah, right.

(to his crew)

Thunder? What's he talkin' about, "Thunder"?

Chick's crew shrugs.

MCQUEEN

Well, you know, 'cause thunder always comes after
LIGHTNING. Ka-ping! Ka-pow!

The crowd quickly rush around him with cameras. Chick
eyes his rival angrily.

CHICK HICKS

Who here knew about the thunder thing?

CHICK'S PIT CREW

No, I didn't.

The paparazzi storm McQueen and he poses for them.

PAPARAZZI

- This way, McQueen!
- McQueen, over here!
- Hey, McQueen, we want to see the bolt!
- That's right.
- Give us the bolt!
- Right in the lens!
- Smile, McQueen!
- Show me the bolt, baby!
- Show me the bolt, McQueen!
- That's it!

Meanwhile, show girl cars wearing feathered headgear
sit and wave outside the Dinoco tent. Nearby, the King
between two cars, one his wife Lynda and a gold car
with a bullhorn hood ornament Tex Dinoco his sponsor.

TEX DINOCO

Oo-wee! That was one close finish. You sure made
Dinoco proud. Thank ya, King.

THE KING

Well, Tex, you've been good to me all these years.
It's the least I can do.

MRS. THE KING

Whatever happens, you're a winner to me, you old daddy
rabbit.

THE KING

Thanks, dear. Wouldn't be nothin' without you.

The two blue cars nuzzle each other.

AT A STAGE

McQueen flashes his sticker to the crowd.

MCQUEEN

Kch-i-ka-chow!

The Miata twins eagerly press through the crowd, right
in front of McQueen.

MIA

I'm Mia!

TIA

I'm Tia!

BOTH

We're, like, your biggest fans! Ka-chow!

They both flash their literal headlights, which have
95 stickers on them, for McQueen.

MCQUEEN

(in bliss)

Oh, I love being me.

The security cars push them away.

SECURITY CARS

OK, girls, that's it.

MIA & TIA

Oh! We love you, Lightning!

TIA (O.S.)

No, I love you more!

The King rolls up in front of McQueen.

THE KING

Hey buddy. You're one gutsy racer.

MCQUEEN

Oh, hey, Mr. The King.

THE KING

You got more talent in one lug nut than a lotta cars
has got in their whole body.

MCQUEEN

Really? Oh, that...

THE KING

(interrupted)

But you're stupid.

MCQUEEN

(offended)

Excuse me?

THE KING

This ain't a one-man deal, kid. You need to wise up
and get yourself a good crew chief and a good team.
You ain't gonna win unless you got good folks behind
you, and you let them do their job, like they should.
Like I tell the boys at the shop...

McQueen, losing his attention, gawks at the shiny
Dinoco helicopter.

MCQUEEN

A good team. Yeah...

McQueen fantasizes about winning the Piston Cup. An ad reads, 'THE NEW FACE OF DINOCO with a blue Lightning. His logo replaces the King's logo on the Dinoco tent with the helicopter winking. He poses with the cup, KA-CHOWING. McQueen arrives at Grauman's Chinese Theatre with Mia & Tia.

A movie's opening titles read, 'Lightning McQueen IS Lightning Storm'. Giant spider-like spark plugs disintegrate cars on freeway ramps. Lightning Storm swoops down from the sky and blows them up with missiles. At the premiere, McQueen puts his tire-prints in cement. Later, he parties in a Hollywood Hills mansion being kissed by the twins clad in metallic gold.

BACK TO REALITY

THE KING

If you figure that out, you just gonna be OK.

MCQUEEN

Oh, yeah, that... That is spectacular advice. Thank you,
Mr. The King.

SFX: FANFARE

McQueen gasps eagerly.

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen, for the first time in Piston Cup
history...

AT THE BACKSTAGE ARENA

McQueen revs his engine.

MCQUEEN

A rookie has won the Piston Cup.

He leaps from behind the curtains onto the winners' stage.

MCQUEEN (CONT'D)

Yes!

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)

...we have a three-way tie.

The crowd goes crazy!

Confetti cannons blast and LED lights shine into the stands.

McQueen's joy and enthusiasm quickly fades, as the other two cars join him onstage. The frenzied crowd snap pictures of the never-before-seen moment.

CHICK HICKS

(laughing)

Oh, boy. Hey, McQueen, that must be really embarrassing. But I wouldn't worry about it. Because I didn't do it!

Chick erupts into boisterous laughter at his rival's shame.

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)

Piston Cup officials have determined that a tiebreaker race between the three leaders will be held in California in one week.

The press photograph the 3 tiebreaking cars.

CHICK HICKS

(to audience)

Well, thank you! Thanks to all of you out there! Thank you!

(to McQueen, whispering)

Hey, first one to California gets Dinoco all to himself.

A flashbulb clicks loudly at Chick.

CHICK HICKS

Aah! No, not me! No, you rock, and you know that!

As fireworks burst over the speedway, a blimp watches from the distance.

AL OFT

Oh, yeah! Whoo!

AT THE TRAILER PARKING SPACE

McQueen drives to his trailer's spot as pitties load up other trucks.

MCQUEEN

(mocking Chick's words)

"First one to California gets Dinoco all to himself."

Oh, we'll see who gets there first, Chick.

His trailer is missing from its assigned spot.

MCQUEEN (CONT'D)

(perplexed)

Huh?

Mack, McQueen's semi hauler, appears.

MACK

Hey, Kid! Congrats on the tie.

MCQUEEN

I don't want to talk about it. Come on, let's go,
Mack. Saddle up. What'd you do with my trailer?

Mack reverses, revealing it to be parked at the
Rust-Eze sponsor tent.

MACK

I parked it over at your sponsor's tent.

MCQUEEN

What?

MACK

You gotta make your personal appearance.

McQueen panics.

MCQUEEN

No. No! No, no, no, no!

A COMMERCIAL

MCQUEEN (on TV)

Yes, yes, yes! Lightning McQueen here! And I use
Rust-eze Medicated Bumper Ointment, new rear end
formula! Nothing soothes a rusty bumper like Rust-eze.

The ointment swipes a rusted car's rear bumper and
makes his shiny and brand new.

MCQUEEN (on TV, CONT'D)

Wow! Look at that shine! Use Rust-eze and you too can
look like ME! Ka-chow!

INSIDE THE RUST-EZE TENT

A crowd of rusty cars watch and laugh as Rusty & Dusty
Rust-Eze crack jokes.

RUSTY

I met this car from Swampscott. He was so rusty, he
didn't even cast a shadow.

DUSTY

I could see his dirty undercarriage.

The hosts and crowd laughs. Mack & McQueen watch in
from the entrance.

MCQUEEN

(groans angrily)

I hate rusty cars. This is not good for my image.

MACK

They did give you your big break. Besides, it's in
your contract.

MCQUEEN

Oh, will you stop, please? Just go get hooked up.

BACK INSIDE THE TENT

DUSTY

Winter is a grand ol' time.

RUSTY

Of this there are no ifs or buts.

DUSTY

But remember, all that salt and grime...

RUSTY

Can rust your bolts and freeze your...

McQueen sneaks into the tent behind a cardboard cutout
of himself, it falls.

DUSTY

Hey, look! There he is! It's our almost champ!

The crowd of rusty cars spot him.

RUSTY

Get your rear end in here, kid.

RUSTY CARS

- Lightning McQueen, you are wicked fast!
- That race was a pisser!
- You were booking, McQueen!

MCQUEEN

G-give me a little room, guys.

A jalopy, SPRINKLING RUST, with a license plate that reads, 'HELLOMYNAMEIS FRED' smiles at Lightning laughing.

FRED

You're my hero, Mr. McQueen!

MCQUEEN

Yes, I know. (chuckles)

He reads Fred's plate.

MCQUEEN (CONT'D)

"Fred." Fred, thank you.

FRED

(going nuts)

He knows my name. He knows my name!

Fred's front bumper clangs off.

The hosts laugh.

DUSTY

Looking good, Freddie!

Lightning rolls on stage alongside the old cars.

RUSTY

Thanks to you, Lightning, we had a banner year!

DUSTY

Oh, I mean, we might even clear enough to buy you some headlights.

RUSTY

Are you saying he doesn't have headlights?

DUSTY

That's what I'm tellin' ya. It's just stickers!

MCQUEEN

(fake smile)

Well, you know, racecars don't need headlights,
because the track is always lit.

RUSTY

(excited)

Yeah, well, so is my brother, but he still needs headlights.

The crowd laughs uproariously.

MCQUEEN

(forced laughter)

RUSTY

Ladies and gentlemen-

RUSTY & DUSTY

LIGHTNING MCQUEEN!

A single spotlight shines on McQueen, crickets chirp.

DISTANT MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Free Bird!

MCQUEEN

(forced)

You know, the Rust-eze Medicated Bumper Ointment team
ran a great race today. And remember, with a little
Rust-eze... (whispers) And an insane amount of luck, ...
you too, can look like me. Ka-chow.

The crowd and hosts laugh amusedly & cheer as McQueen
reverses into his trailer.

RUSTY

Hey, kid.

DUSTY

Ah, we love ya. And we're looking forward to another
great year. Just like this year!

RUSTY

(laughs)

McQueen smiles at them as the door closes.

INSIDE THE TRAILER

MCQUEEN

Not on your life...

Mack drives off.

RUSTY

Don't drive like my brother!

DUSTY

Oh yeah, well don't drive like my brother.

ON A CAMERA

MACK

California, here we come!

INSIDE THE TRAILER

MCQUEEN

Dinoco, here we come!

Mack drives past a row of tents. In the trailer, McQueen presses a button with his tire and dim lights turn on. Above the window, trophies, framed photos, and Lightning McQueen toys line up on a shelf.

As Mack heads into an exit tunnel, fans gather around excitedly. The truck pulls out the stadium and joins traffic on a busy highway.

From above, curving passes and multi-laned roads cross over one another. Mack passes under a sign for 40-West California. With his headlights shining, the truck climbs the hill by a brightly lit city.

Now in the daylight, Mack travels down an empty highway lined by trees.

Now from above, our view glides over a snaking river. Two parallel strips of highway cross diagonally over the landscape.

Now we zip past a field of crops. Mack makes goofy faces in the reflection of an oil tanker. He waves his tongue and inches forward, chomping his teeth. A small coupe looks at him curiously.

Now we see live birds on a wire.

Mack's shadow passes over a rocky hillside. Later, he heads down a road that passes between two buttes on a vast desert plain.

SFX: Phone ringing!

IN THE TRAILER

McQueen, MOANING CALMLY, is being massaged by mechanical buffers on his roof.

MCQUEEN
Oh... I needed this.

He answered the phone.

MCQUEEN (CONT'D)
Hello?

It's Harv, his agent.

HARV (V.O.)
Is this Lightning McQueen, the world's fastest racing machine?

MCQUEEN
Is this Harv, the world's greatest agent?

HARV (V.O.)
And it is SUCH an honor to be your agent that it almost hurts me to take ten percent of your winnings. And merchandising. And ancillary rights in perpetuity. Anyway, what a race! Huh, champ? I didn't-I didn't see it, but I heard you were great.

McQueen watches a monitor showing instant replays of the tiebreaking finish, he rolls his eyes at the "TONGUE TIED" banner on the newscast.

MCQUEEN
Uh... Thanks, Harv.

HARV (V.O.)

Listen, they're giving you 20 tickets for the tiebreaker thing in Cali. I'll pass 'em on to your friends. Ya shoot me the names. You let Harv rock it for you, all right, baby.

MCQUEEN

(eagerly)

Right. Friends.

(a beat)

Uh. Yes, there's... uh...

McQueen frowns.

HARV (V.O.)

OK, I get it, Mr. Popular. So many friends you can't even narrow it down. Hey, when you get to town, you better make time for your best friend! Y' gotta break bread with your mishpocheh here!

MCQUEEN

Yeah, yeah, that'd be great! We should totally-

HARV (V.O.)

(interrupting)

OK, I gotta jump, kid. Lemme know how it goes. I'm out.

SFX: Dial tone hum

McQueen frowns and sighs.

SFX: Minivan musical horn.

McQueen sees a minivan with a mattress strapped to its hood.

MCQUEEN
(confused)
What? A minivan?

ON MACK - TIRED.

MCQUEEN (O.S.)
Oh, come on, Mack, you're in the slow lane. This is
Lightning McQueen you're hauling here.

MACK
(exhausted)
Just stopping off for a quick breather, kid. Old Mack
needs a rest.

The minivan pulls into the Top Town TRUCKSTOP. A sign
reads, "ALL CONVERTIBLE WAITRESSES".

MCQUEEN (O.S.)
Absolutely not. We're driving straight through all
night 'til we get to California. We agreed to it.

MACK
All night? May I remind you federal DOT regs state...

MCQUEEN (O.S.)
C'mon Mack, I need to get there before Chick and hang
with Dinoco.

Mack sees the line of SLEEPING SEMIS.

MACK
(groaning)
All those sleeping trucks. Hey kid, I don't know if I
can make it.

MCQUEEN
Oh sure you can, Mack! Look, it'll be easy, I'll stay
up with you!

MACK
All night?

MCQUEEN
All night long.

INT TRAILER - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

McQueen is SNORING, fast asleep.

ON MACK

Succumbing to sleep, He tries desperately to SHAKE HIMSELF OUT OF IT, but it's not working.

CLOSE ON four flashy MODIFIED IMPORTS. They aggressively dodge other cars on the highway.

THE MUSCLE CAR, SNOT ROD, tries to keep up with the others, but SNEEZES and shoots fire out of his exhaust, screeching across the road.

BOOST, the leader, drives out in front of the others.

WINGO, the brightly painted one, pulls up beside Mack's shiny trailer, checks himself out, LAUGHS.

DJ, all speakers and equalizer lights, pulls up on the other side of Mack.

Boost notices that Mack's falling asleep.

BOOST
Hey yo DJ!

DJ
What up?

BOOST

We got ourselves a nodder!

DJ chuckles.

He pulls in front of Mack and selects a smooth jazz CD from his collection in his trunk.

MACK

(sighs)

Pretty music.

He starts to SNORE HEAVILY.

Boost eyes Wingo.

BOOST

Yo, Wingo! Lane change, man!

WINGO

(laughs)

Right back at ya!

Boost dodges the semi.

SNOT ROD

Yeah!

BOOST

Oops! I missed.

SNOT ROD

You going on vacation?

The imports all laugh and Mack drives onto the rumble strips of the breakdown lane.

INT TRAILER

McQueen slides forward. One of his toys falls off a shelf and hits a button, the trailer door lowers making a ramp. The sleeping race car rolls onto the ramp

The street gang just ahead, Boost notices the muscle car with the air blower starting to snuffle.

Wingo cackles.

BOOST

Oh, no, Snot Rod...

WINGO

He's gonna blow!

Snot Rod lets loose a loud SNEEZE which wakes Mack!

MACK

(gasps)

Gesundheit! Whoa! One should never drive while drowsy.

McQueen rolls off the ramp into oncoming traffic.

As Mack continues on, cars yell and swerve around McQueen.

TRAFFIC

- Get out of the way!
- You're going the wrong way! Ahh!

Opening his eyes, the race car spots a massive truck heading straight for him HONKING!

McQueen SCREAMS!

He frantically dodges traffic. Facing the highway cars, he nervously veers off the road into the dirt.

MCQUEEN
(breathing heavily)
Mack!

McQueen charges into a lane and speeds forward.
Weaving in and out, he pulls up beside a semi.

His eyes widen. Trucks, all the size of Mack, fill the
lanes ahead. McQueen frantically drives alongside
another truck

MCQUEEN (CONT'D)
Mack! Hey, Mack! Mack!

McQueen spots a truck leaving the road.

MCQUEEN (CONT'D)
Mack! Mack, wait for me!

He revs after the truck, blasting ahead from the
highway roads onto a narrower road.

Above his fake headlights, McQueen squints at the
darkness before him.

MCQUEEN (O.S., CONT'D)
Mack!

SFX: RxR Crossing Dings

Just ahead, the railway signals start beeping!

McQueen's glare switches from the truck to the
railroad crossing where he is a bright headlamp of an
oncoming train. He blasts forward.

Noticing the race car, the train BLARES HIS HORN at
him scowling.

SFX: Train horn.

McQueen's eyes narrow and he races over the tracks narrowly escaping the oncoming train.

As he lands his back tires on the pavement again, McQueen catches up to the truck.

MCQUEEN (CONT'D)
Mack! MACK!!

He pulls up behind the truck.

MCQUEEN (CONT'D)
Mack! Mack... wait up!
(coughing)
Mack. Mack! Mack!

It is not Mack! But a gruff smokey Peterbilt with a trailer with crude drawings on it reading, 'RECYCLED BATTERIES'. The Peterbilt halts at the stop sign, looking down on the red race car.

MCQUEEN (CONT'D)
What? You're not Mack.

PETERBILT
Mack? I ain't no Mack! I'm a Peterbilt, for dang sake!
Turn on your lights, you moron!

The rig pulls down another road leaving McQueen alone under a street lamp.

MCQUEEN
Mack...
(an idea)
The Interstate!

He turns around and goes down the other road. A nearby sign reads ROUTE 66.

Now, McQueen zips past a billboard for Radiator Springs. Behind the sign, a 40's police cruiser sleeps.

Sheriff GASPS.

SHERIFF

(threatening)

Not in my town, you don't.

The cruiser turns on his siren and lights pursuing McQueen.

Ahead, McQueen notices the red lights.

MCQUEEN

Oh, no. Oh, maybe he can help me.

The Sheriff starts to backfire.

McQueen, startled, loses control.

MCQUEEN (CONT'D)

(scared)

Agh! He's shooting at me! Why is he shooting at me?!

Sheriff's tailpipe is backfiring puffs of black smoke.

SHERIFF

Oh, I haven't gone this fast in years.

He backfires again, grunting.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

I'm gonna blow a gasket or somethin'.

McQueen swerves left to right.

MCQUEEN

Serpentine! Serpentine, serpentine!

SHERIFF

(perplexed)

What in the blue blazes? Crazy hot-rodder.

As McQueen weaves from side to side, the Sheriff charges after him.

EXT. Radiator Springs.

Elsewhere, a traffic light hanging over an intersection blinks yellow. Several older establishments line the dim stretch of road.

Buzzing flies congregate on a fluorescent lightbulb.

In front of Luigi's Casa Della Tires, a large stack of tires make up a tower. As a sale sign swings, a blue forklift named Guido straightens the tire the sign tilted.

Now, a nearby plaque on an old statue reads, 'Stanley, OUR FOUNDER, 1909.' On a stone pillar stands a buck-toothed Stanley Steamer. Using his hose, a fire truck named Red waters plants surrounding it.

A sign above a forefront scattering with Route 66 memorabilia reads, 'RADIATOR SPRINGS CURIOS', On the front porch, a Ford Model T named Lizzie is napping soundly.

At a brightly-lit gas station, a sign reads, 'FLO'S V8 CAFE'. Sitting next to each other a 60's VW bus and an army jeep watch the blinking traffic light.

FILLMORE

I'm telling you, man. Every third blink is slower.

The jeep eyes the staring VW.

SARGE

The sixties weren't good to you, were they?

SFX: Backfiring.

As they look down the road, a detailed lowriding Chevrolet Impala joins their side.

BACK ON MCQUEEN

The chase is still on. McQueen speeds up a hill and notices lights ahead.

MCQUEEN

What? That's not the Interstate!

Sheriff backfires, startling McQueen. He hits a row of caution cones then swerves off road toward a gigantic caution cone.

McQueen SCREAMS!

Veering away, he heads for a barbed wire fence.

MCQUEEN (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no, no, no!

He crashed through the fence, covering himself in SHARP STEEL WIRES.

McQueen notices the gas station's DRIVE-THRU sign and veers away from it.

BACK ON THE FOLKS

FILLMORE

I'm not the only one seeing this, right?

McQueen speeds through a pile of stacked oil cans toward the others.

SARGE

Incoming!

FILLMORE

Whoa, man.

MCQUEEN

Noo!

McQueen scrapes the Impala's door.

RAMONE

Hey! You scratched my paint!

Guido ducks behind a stack of tires.

MCQUEEN

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!

He crashed through several tire displays.

LUIGI

My tires!

Wearing 2 around his eyes like glasses, he speeds toward Stanley's statue. Red GASPS and reverses inside.

As McQueen spins around the pillar, the wires catch around the monument. Gritting his teeth, McQueen spins his wheels. The wires yank Stanley free and in front of McQueen.

McQueen starts SCREAMING IN FEAR!

The race car turns around. Speeding down the road, he drags the statue behind him. A pole sticking out from its base digs into the pavement leaving a deep winding gouge in the road. As McQueen zips past the onlookers, Stanley flies off a ramped flatbed and catches on over-hanging telephone wires.

McQueen STRAINS to pull forward, smoke billowing from his spinning wheels. The telephone wires fling him off the ground and the statue breaks free, flying back towards the courthouse lawn.

FILLMORE

(watching)

Fly away, Stanley. Be free!

Red mopes over his ruined garden and GASPS noticing the airborne Stanley statue. The monument lands perfectly on its pillar.

Meanwhile, the Sheriff approaches McQueen who is now dangling upside down from the telephone wires.

Sheriff PANTS.

SHERIFF

(a la Higgins)

Boy, you're in a heap of trouble.

MCQUEEN

(sighs)

The trapped race car closes his eyes.

